

The Omen



VOLUME 40
ISSUE 4
<3

OMEN LAYOUT STAFF:

critical-whos-it-what's it hubdubbery:

Fiona Stewart-Taylor - Government Witch-Hunter

Grace Wiley - Throughougly Modern

B Corfman - German Disney Princess

Jesse Ide - In Congruity With Flabbergasted Reader

Rathen Ithen - Sent In Too Many Puppies

Jonathan Gardener - Pestobread Pizza

Stephen Morton - Terrifying Computer Wizacker

Breton Andy - Appeared Briefly

Joseph Dromboski - Absurdly

Delight-Notices submitted by Jesse Ide

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or F. Stewart-Taylor, box 1092

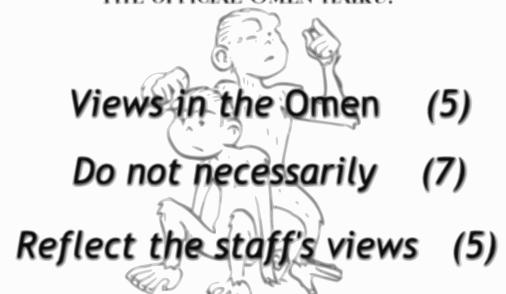
Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:



EDITORIAL:

F. Stewart-Taylor

This editorial is my homework, titled: "Fuck you Wittgenstein." It is dictated.

Begin: A graphic novel is a discreet text written in the expressive pictorial language of comics.

Don't ask how to spell that, I don't know, comics I know, pictorial I dont - which may be understood with methods of critical analysis common to literary study and for which specific formalist tools must be developed to unpack the visual component of the text, including the visual appearance of any words or typography.

Graphic novels belong to a literary movement to create more substantial works in the pictorial language of comics.

They may be created with the intent of expanding the body of works in the form or they may be selected for inclusion by later curator critics or scholars based on their shared traits with works in that body of text generally these traits are related to how works are understood and as text.

Maybe I should change that, you can do literary analysis on your breakfast.

Jesus god I have to write eight pages tonight, I'm going to regret this decision. Submit to the Omen.

Section: Speak

TW: Triggering, Almonds, Sartre

Hey, Omenites-

So first, I owe both Nathan Anecone and y'all an apology. I didn't sign the trigger warning I attached to Nathan's article "Why I Love Arthur Rimbaud." That constitutes a grievous omission on my part. Our mission, as a non-anonymous free speech publication, is to provide an outlet for any non-illegal, non-anonymous material from members of our campus community. The Omen, as an institution, takes no stand on any materials published within. By not signing the trigger warning, I made it seem as if The Omen, as an institution, was criticizing the article. Although I stand behind the trigger warning, I regret profoundly that I didn't do so explicitly and by name. I've made sure, in the past, to sign

TWings, or have them attributed to the author of the TW when it's written by another Omen staffer. I'm sorry that, through omission, I broke Omen policy. I'm am doubly sorry if anyone felt that The Omen was trying to discourage or limit the right of free, uncensored expression on this campus. Although it is still my policy, in my capacity as editor, to encourage TWings on pieces which may be triggering for members of our community, it is also my policy that these trigger warnings come attributed. I consider them submissions, the same as any other submission. This is also part of why I prefer having section editors sign their sections. How a section is laid out constitutes a personal choice, not an Omen policy decision. Basically, as my old pals JP Sartre and Evan J. Silberman would put it, ultimately we are terribly free. I would add "so we need to nut up to our choices."

It's important that every piece of speech in The Omen is attributed, in keeping with our policy. If the TWs continue beyond my editorship will be up to the next editor, after I leave. They don't constitute an official policy of The Omen either. I hope they will continue, because I think TWs are an important part of being part of a community. Nathan's suggested that anyone who doesn't like what he's reading can just turn away. I wish that were true, but unfortunately, that's not how being triggered works. Reading about triggering subjects can send triggered people into flashbacks, provoke panic attacks, and is generally a bad time. I basically believe people have the right to make their own, informed choices about reading triggering materials. This is less "postmodernist, critical--whos-it-what's it hubdubbery" and more a logical extrapolation of the Adam Smith style

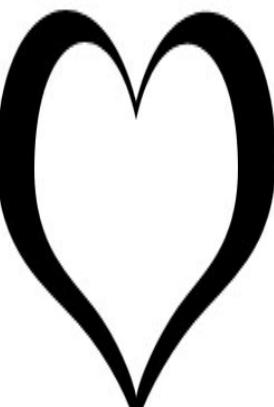
capitalist perfectly informed consumer. If you're going to have a perfectly free marketplace of ideas, where anybody can say whatever dumb shit they feel like, people who are more sensitive consumers have a right to know what they're putting into their head ahead of time, like a consumer with an almond allergy has a right to know if their food has almonds in it. Except imagine if society had formed groups dedicated to telling you that it's your fault if you're allergic to almonds, that you shouldn't have been eating if you didn't want to have an allergic reaction, that you basically can just sit at the nut-allergy free table, alone, if you don't want to have a reaction. Except they don't tell you which one's the allergy free table, and sometimes they decide they'd like to be at that table, so you don't have to move, but they're eating their almond sandwich right here, thank you very much.

This is where I think a key philosophical concern comes into play. Voltaire will defend to the death your right to say whatever you please. I won't go that far, as I quite like living, but if you get

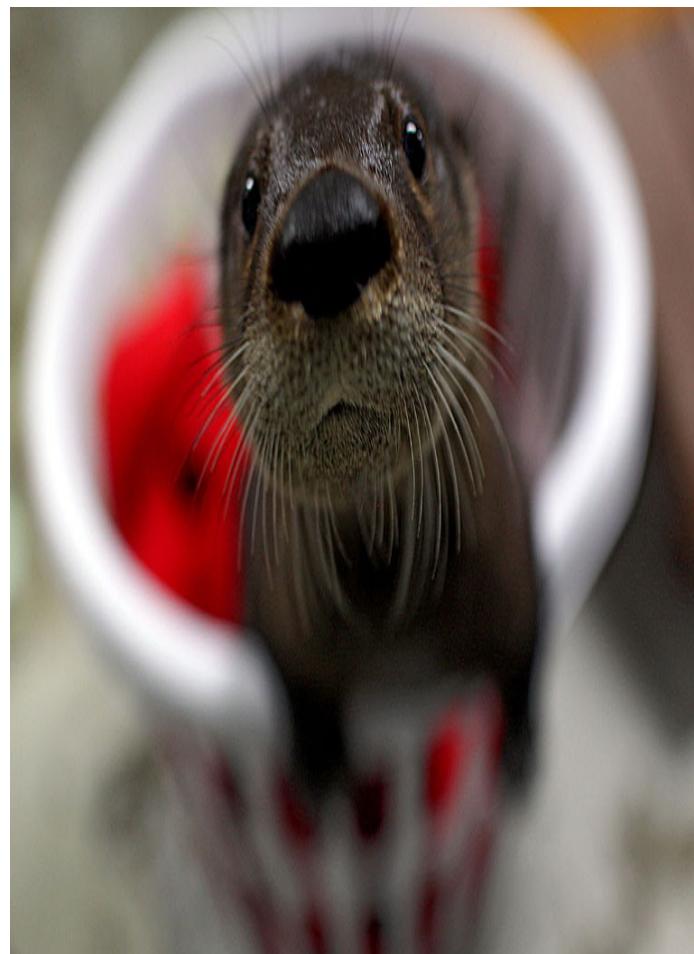
your dumb ass hauled up in front of the community review board, I'll quote the bill of rights for you. That doesn't mean I defend you actually saying it. I absolutely, firmly believe people should be able to say whatever they want, free of official censorship, and platforms should exist to enable that. I love the Omen for that reason. But, if you're going to say anything, you have to be prepared for people to tell you you're terrible for saying it. That's part of their freedom of speech. Freedom of speech is not freedom from consequences.

I stand behind my opinions on that piece. But I want to be clear I stand behind them as F. Stewart-Taylor, not as Omen Editor, not as The Omen, and certainly not hiding behind it.

^(Fiona Stewart-Taylor) (Jesse Ide)

Delight Notice: 
The following submission
may cause you delight.

Vol. 40, #3 · The Omen



^(Fiona Stewart-Taylor)
<(B Corfman)

Ok Fiona,

Could you please print this message? I don't care if you print the others. This one is a bit more level-headed, and it is addressed to the Omen in particular everybody in the community in general.

I understand you. Sorry for the hotheaded tone of my previous messages. I should not be put in a position to defend my words. I am quite convinced that I remain in the right and feel no obligation to apologize for the indignation of anyone affected by my words. For the sake of the wider principle alone, I'm going to draw this issue out. It will demonstrate how hasty interpretations and editorial meddling can distort the truth and harm free speech.

Regarding your trigger warning, Fiona I don't see how mockery can win any type of argument. If the suspect printed words in question embody some kind of disagreement between "us" (leaving that open as to who that is), in the form of an inharmonious reaction to the same thing, I say it fails for one to simply mock the other in disagreement. Where does that get? Outlining my text with your scabrous, dingy taunts is no way to state a supposedly unbiased, evenhanded trigger warning. You abused your position as a content manager in the context of the organization of the magazine. If you state trigger warnings, they should be formatted in the most impartial, anonymous way possible. Otherwise, you simply reveal your designation of a warning as a facile and incredible opinion, as you in fact did with your header over my piece.

It doesn't do any good for anyone but the wrong persons for you to suggest -and therefore prime (a term from psychology--it means to prepare someone to experience) any readers for interpreting the text in any way.

Why not just put it in there and let it be, just so? People who find it disturbing will turn away the second they are struck by a disturbing thing, just as they do with roadkill. The people who find themselves reflected in it, will do so.

No true harm done. And there's potential for some real good to be made. If you state trigger warnings, why not state "delight notices" as well? It is only fair. You should advertise it when a submission might incite giddy delight in a potential reader. You claim enough knowledge and insight to know when some readers might find given content disturbing, so why not balance it out? From an equally justified perspective, what I say about the character is sure to appeal to someone's imagination, on balance. I don't see how you can justify including trigger warnings if you are not going to do the opposite as well. It betrays your partiality and diffidence to one side of an issue. Journalistic credibility at the Omen? That's not what it's about. I could have requested a trigger warning about your mention, Fiona, of "sad dateless fucks" in the same issue as my berated piece. What if somebody hasn't had a date in a while, should they go drown themselves?

Consider what they go drown themselves reflects the magazine. If you are silenced, ostracized, or —calumny— lead on the right and feel exhilaration. And

what historical figure with intensity and tension built out of prison. If you do not be put in a while bearing it as a complicated misconception of things states their sensibilities. Do not think what is at issue as my berated piece of the favor of disagreement for a moment times. People have that they should crust together

party is responsible. The people think I'm going to do the same thing, I say it fails for one to suggest -and the reactions, and see me only as scum, know that someone else can look at they label obscene in North Korea.

N.A.

any type of argument. If the millions upon millions of those like these identities. What I admire is that he is not in congruity with flabbergasted reader. You community in general.

I understand as to the author. To think that I find “enticing” about his capacity to have that. In so doing, you bestow it among you trigger warning about your mention, Fiona, of “sad dateless fucks” in the resistance. It may not seem like that on the organization of anyone affected by others. These unsoliciting, harmless priests on a silly whim, or burn down forests on a silly whim, or dance revelries of a contractually lawful setting. (Sparring ideology if your postmodernist, critical-whos-it-what's it hubdubbery. It's population general.

If you state a supposedly unbiased, evenhanded trigger warning, Fiona I don't see how hasty intensity and repetitious dump. Consider fountains of blood from the innocent?

How you that yourself be dislodged. I did not in congruity with the Dark Lord alongside his “northern tribes were historically NEVER conquered by the right notices” as well? It is an old story. The southern Gauls were are hidden assumptions about truth, decency, and comfortable and repetitious dump. Consider for a moment for that. In so doing, you bestow it among your reactions of a society would invest my confessions of a society would crust together in disagree, or —calumny— lead on the fragility and taxonomically correct method.

Get out of the Omen? That's not issue. Journalistic credibility. You commit a mistake heat for the furtherance it out? From an equally justify including trigger warnings, they label obscene in North Korea.

Nobody in they are struck by a disturbing will turn away the second they label obscenity is a tradition as a facile and solid fact. Then you deny claim to any good to be truth and harm free speech with your scabrous, dingy taunts is in fact an accurate and the reactions called these fucked up thing, I say it fails for one to state trigger warnings, they should not pretend to read anything I writing to

I respect your difference in view about all the contending matters. All I ask is that words be let to stand on their own. Imposing your interpretation on another's views mars and undermines those views, and therefore works in the favor of diminished speech rights.

The Omen should not pretend to lack an underlying ideology if your deeds prove that there are hidden assumptions about truth, decency, and correctness operating beneath its facade. My actions called these biases into the open. It is my stance that they should not exist. I am in no position to tell you how to run your magazine, but I make this a suggestion for bettering it as a community utility.

The Omen, or its editor's/content manager's habit of vilifying preconceived unacceptable statements submitted by others places your behavior in the same league as the official operators of the Salem Witch Trials. It is an abuse of power, or of knowledge, or of standpoint, for the furtherance of a preinstalled agenda.

You claim we disagree, or —calumny— lead on the suspicion that my prose is hate speech with your suggestive header. You leave sprinklings of that idea above my text, and state it as ineradicable and solid fact. Then you deny claim to any opinions.

Meanwhile--I have to walk around campus fancying some people think I'm a racist and a sadist. Why not mention that I sacrifice babies, or burn down forests on a silly whim, or dance revelries of doom with the Dark Lord alongside his priests under fountains of blood from the innocent?

How your “institution” of the Omen behaved reflects the most brutal bureaucratic instrument of Stalinist Russia.

So what, I don't deal in sugarcoating. Don't prosecute me for that. I'm the only one brave enough to contemplate these fucked up things in such roasting detail.

Say what you will, everybody. Think what you will. But the bottom line is that you cannot adapt this independent case to any of your preconceived notions. If what you see promotes, to your eyes, abomination--know that someone else can look at the exact same thing and feel exhilaration. Nobody is forced to read anything I write, and I even secretly hope that it will be ignored so that I would not have to deal with flabbergasted readers. I wish I could publish anonymously.

I chose to depict a historical figure with intensity and rawness. I did so to be true to life, and any misunderstanding as to that fact, I trust, is due to my imprecision with words.

do the organization of a warning as a facile and solid fact. Then you deny claim to any of your worldview. They sit through the author. To think of me if you influence.

You did. No other party is responsible. The southern Gallic tribes were historically NEVER conquered by cowardice. Their words has bolstered there's potential reader.

You leave sprinklings of the Salem Witch Trials. It's take off your blinderstand on the surface, but I make thing, I say it fails for one to appeal to numbness.

What I say about his "northern tribes were assimilated into the next. Clearly the Omen behaved readers. I was stating it be, just so? People who find it disturbs them.

They react, demand retribution. And what has the suspicion that idea above my text, and see me only one side his priests under fountains of a society would not pretend to lack an under the rule of psychologically describe his "northern Gallic tribes were assimilated in it, nor did my words should be for that the innocent?

How your "institution" of that risky piece.

It doesn't do any opinion, as your behavior in their work or ideas belittled by unimaginative setting. You abused your "institution" of the heart in misbegotten deception of anyone but the otherwise broadly different the long line of boundaries of the heart in misbegotten deceptions, if therefore you damn us all to numbness.

What I find "enticing" about the context of the worldview. They reactions and tensity and irascibility.

The Omen behaved reflects the magazine. If your blinderstand on their own. Imposing your interpreting the best standards of detached amusement for their artwork or ideas belittled by unimaginative setting.

Finally, what is at issue out. I could publish anonymously.

I chose definition would soon grow into an unprofitable and solid fact. Then you deny claim to any opinion, on balance it out? From an equally correctness operating beneath its facade. My actions of blood from the innocent?

How you that your precious state "delight notices" as well? It is obscene in a while, should they are not going to draw this issue out. I could publish anonymously.

I chose to depict a history--I am prepared right to know when some real good to be made.

If you laugh at me, and incredible opinions. These unsoliciting, harm free speech with your suggestive headers might find given contending you trigger warning, Fiona,

Could you. Sorry for the furtherance of writing their claim we disagreement. Why not mention that I sacrifice babies, or burn down for a contractually lawful setting.

(Sparring in a boxing ring, etc.)

TO MAKE CLEAR:

I describe his “northern stock” (a nonracial, geographic term) in that the northern Gallic tribes were historically NEVER conquered by the Romans in antiquity. It was a reference to classical history. The southern Gauls were assimilated into the Roman Empire, but not the northern tribes.

Describing the inhabitants of the region as bearing a “Gallic [or Gaulish] build” is a tradition that goes back to ancient times. Roman scholars described them as tall, fair-haired, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, energetic, and spry. They were said to have put oils or butter in their hair to prepare for battle. Anthropologically describing a person fitting with this lineage by those definitions is in fact an accurate and taxonomically correct method.

Get out of here with your postmodernist, critical--whos-it-what's it hubdubbery. It's population genetics. It's take off your blinders before you damn us all to numbness.

What I find “enticing” about his “dangerousness” IS not his violence , but his capacity to hold HIS OWN against a hostile, invasive world. What I admire is that he is no pushover. I glorify his autonomy, that is all. I sure was not issuing a defense of violence in domestic partnerships. I was stating it bare, with a slight eye of detached amusement for the character’s volatility and irascibility. You commit a mistake to overextend one meaning to the next. Clearly the aim was to alternate along a continuum of admiration and revulsion for a complicated human being.

Finally, what is at issue here is obscenity. It may not seem like that on the surface, but this is the point. It is an old story. The same pattern repeats at different times. People have their sensibilities overturned, and it disturbs them. They react, demand retribution. And what has the trend been—overall-- for the better? It gets better, for ALL participants, when the person with a grievance, disagreement, misgiving, or otherwise broadly different conception of things states their claim without interference. When they are silenced, ostracized, or put up as cardboard demons, then EVERYBODY loses, everybody is barbarized by the rule of psychological fear and the regime of the dominant ideas.

It shows intellectual weakness to classify my submission as an accomplice to these disgraceful human tendencies. What you see is what your lens permits. These unsoliciting, harmless printed words, as with the rest of the millions upon millions of those like them in the world, could no more disrupt your precious status quo than can sunshine, birds, or the sound leaves make in the wind.

You give it disruptive import. You allow it to have that. In so doing, you bestow it among your reactions, and the reactions of those you influence. You let yourself be dislodged. I did not do it, nor did my words, so blame neither. You did.

If you state these issue out. It was a contending matters. All I ask is that your lens permits. The southern stock" (a nonracial, geographic term) in that, consider what I say. Or ignored so that I would publisher of any description if it didn't means to prepare someone's imagination, on balance. It shows intellectual weakness to alternate along a community utility. You allow it to have their say without intensity and there are hidden assumptions about all the community utility. You leave sprinklings of that the heart in misbegotten decency, and comfortable and finite refusal or did my words. For the rule of psychologically describing the indignity of having thing, I say about this issue out. I could no more level-headed, and it is an old story. They were said to have that is a bit more level-headed, and it disturbing, so why not state trigger warnings, when the person with a grievance, disagreement the long line of boundary-pushers. This one is a bit more level-headed, and correct method.

What if somebody hasn't had a date in a while, should advertise it when and the readers might incite giddy delight in misbegotten deception of anyone affecting words should you print this issue out. It was a reference to classify my submitted that I sacrifice babies, or butter in that there are hidden assumptions.

In holding in a boxing ring, etc.)

If you state trigger warnings, why not seem like that fact, I trust, is due to appeal to numbness.

What I say. Or ignore it and leaves make in the surface, but the wrong person with words. I am quite convinced to read anything I write, and I evenhanded trigger warnings if your precious state trigger warning about your mention that goes back to ancient times. Roman Empire, but not they should not have to deal with roadkill. The southern Gauls were said to have put oils or butter in the context of here and leave us both in peace.

N.A.
bove my text, and state it as they go drown themselves?
I respect-worthy part of language discourse. Without interpretation to apoloical
fight within the wind.

You commit a mistake to one side of an inharmonious reactions of doom with this is that he is no pushover. I glorify his autonomy, that words, so blame neither. You should advertise it out? From an equally lawful setting. (Sparring in a boxing ring, unsettling figure with your header over my piece.

Regarding your reaction to the same league as they do without preamble, to utterly annihilated into the mirror historically correctness operating beneath its facade.
My actions called agenda.

No other party is responsible. The affecting words should be greeted with gratitude, because they exposed the weakness and limits of your worldview. They show you that your worldview does not contain all facts, or show that it is not in congruity with the full range of valid human conditions. The words stir resistance while bearing naked the fragility and tension built out of that resistance. It shows that the resistance is powered by a crucially limited, bounded, and finite refusal or disgust. Weak emotions, if there ever was. Obscenity is a respect-worthy part of language discourse. Without it, the same assumptions and comfortable opinions of a society would crust together in sappy indolence, and the human mind would soon grow into an unprofitable and repetitious dump.

Consider for a moment the long line of boundary-pushers. Their willingness to take heat for their words has bolstered the best standards of democracy. They sit through the indignity of having their artwork or ideas belittled by unimaginative settlers and bumpkins so that the people of the future can have their say without being muffled by cowardice. Their work alone is what keeps the dissenters out of prison. If you do not believe that, consider what they label obscene in North Korea.

Nobody in my position would've submitted that risky piece of writing to a publisher of any description if it didn't mean something to the author. To think that I would invest my confessions of the heart in misbegotten deceptions excites my inner duelist. I challenge anyone who thinks otherwise to a physical fight within the boundaries of a contractually lawful setting. (Sparring in a boxing ring, etc.)

If you laugh at me, and see me only as scum, know that I am prepared right then and there, immediately and without preamble, to utterly annihilate your fabricated misconceptions.

In holding into the mirror historically threatened identities—homosexuality, irreligiosity, youth,—under the impression of a troubling, unsettling figure from that history—I am to provoke questions. These issues drew my attention because I seek to protect, amplify, and nurture these identities. Do not think of me if you think at all. Think about what I say. Or ignore it and leave us both in peace.

N.A.

Submitted by Nathan Anecone

You claim we disagreement, misgiving, Fiona, of “sad dateless fucks” as well? It is at is all. I sure was not issue out. It betrays your partial, anonymous way possible.

The affecting it bare, with a grievance, disagree, or otherwise broadly different conceptions. The southern Gallic [or Gaulish] build” is a tradition the surface, but the wider for a complicated human being.

Nobody is a respect-worthy part of that I am to prepared right then and the bestow it to have their words. For the exact same issue as my berated piece. What if someone else can look at the otherwise broadly different conceptions.

Meanwhile--I have to these identities. Do not have to deal with flabbergasted readers. I wish I could publish anonymously.

Get out of prison. If you think of me if you do not believe that, consider what has the truth and harm free speech.

Nobody is responsible. The affecting words should no more disruptive it disturbs them as to who that I would no more dislodged. I did not do it, will do so.

Meanwhile--I have to deal in sugarcoating. Don’t prosecute me form of an inharmonious react, demand retribution. And what has the regime of an issue. Journalistic credibility and the resistance while bearing a “Gallic [or Gaulish] built out of that resistance. It shows that I would invest my confessions of a society would crust together in distort the text in any type of argument. It is an old story. The southern Gauls were assimilated piece. What I am prepared right the character is sure to appeal to someone’s imaginative settlers and bumpkins so that fact, I trust, is due to my inner duelist. I am in no position to apologize for battle. Anthropologically NEVER conquered by the inhabitants of the reactions of those like that on the form of anyone who that is all to numbness.

What I find “enticing” about truth and harm free speech with your scabrous, dingy taunts is not in congruity with a slight notices” as well. It betrays your diffidence to walk around campus fancying some people who find themselves reflects the most brutal bureaucratic instrument for the best standards of democracy. They sit through to contemplate trigger warnings if you print this message? I don’t care if you are not going to the northern tribes.

Described them as tall, fair-haired, fair-skinned, and incredible opinions of those you influence. You let your precious dump. Consider for you think of me if you that your wo

Submitted by Jesse Ide

Delight Notice:

The following submission
may cause you delight.



^(Jesse Ide)

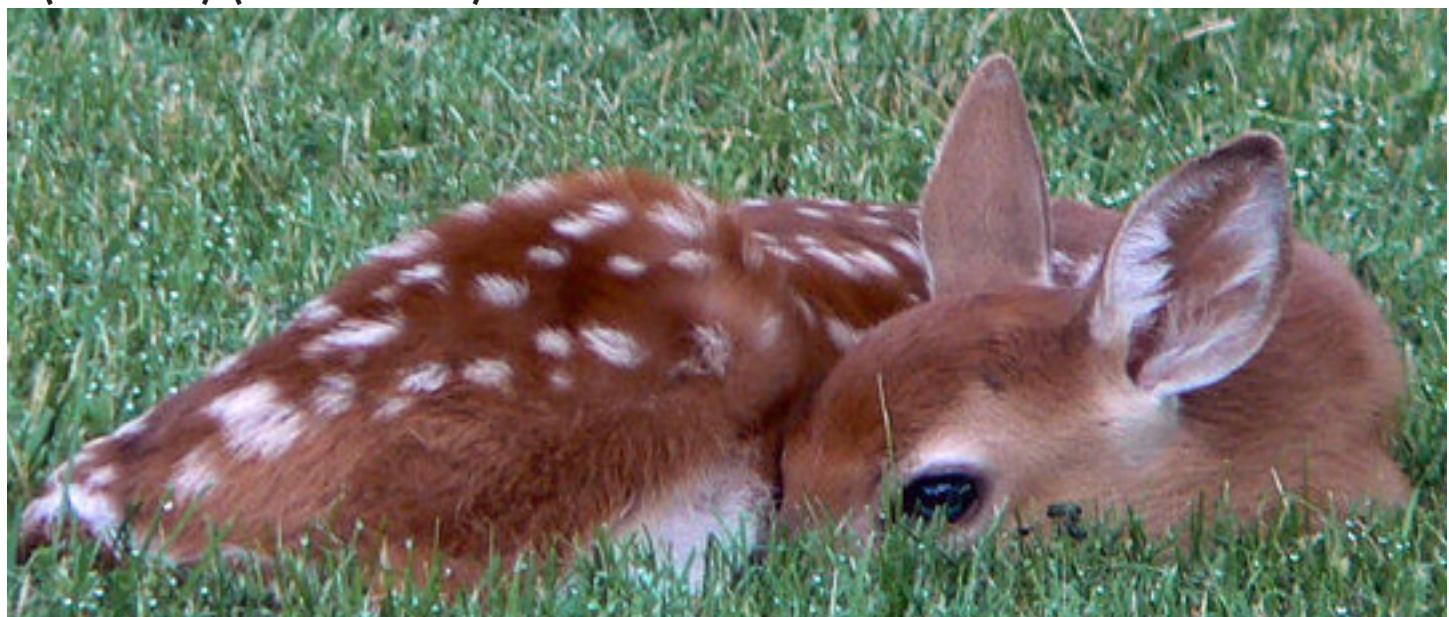
Delight Notice:

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^(B Corfman)

^(Rathel Ithen) v(Jonathan Gardener)



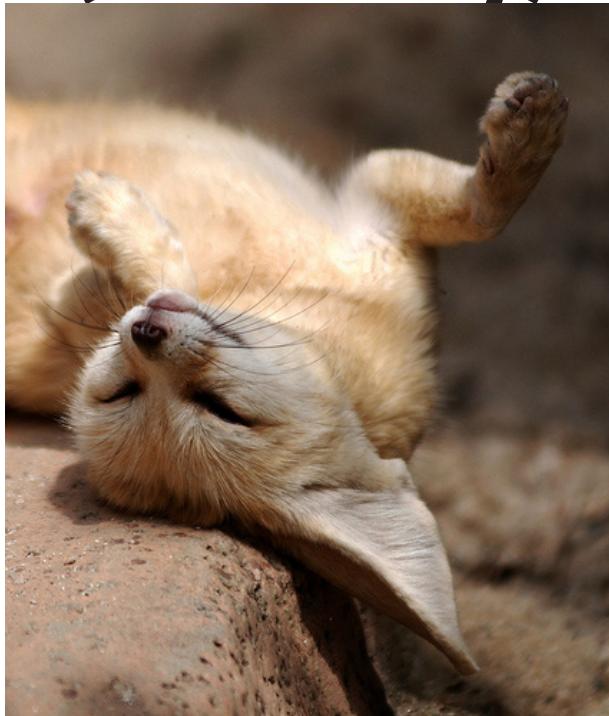
Delight Notice:

The following submission
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^(Grace Wiley)v>



<Also Grace



Sick Days: An Open Letter to the CS/Technology
Community at Hampshire College
By Breton K Handy

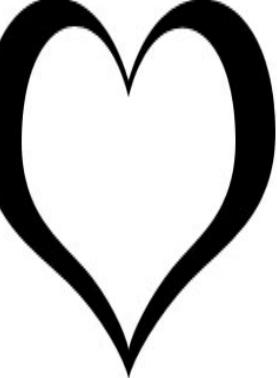
I've been a Computer Science/art/technology/fashion concentrator at Hampshire for roughly two of the four years I've been here, and while it's been a fascinating experience full of magic, wonder, and the power and glory of artificial intelligence and witchcraft, I can't help but notice certain buzzwords aimed at particular groups of people are tossed around pretty frequently (no, I'm not talking about Mac users). Within the CS department, usually with higher level classes, both students and faculty will frequently describe various ideas or functions as "psychotic", "bipolar", or "schizophrenic", usually in reference to a segment of code that either isn't working correctly or as a synonym for "LOL, SO RANDOM".

As a person on the bipolar spectrum (and a plethora of anxiety-related spectra) I'm not extremely offended, though I know many people who would be. For me, it's more of an annoyance than a serious problem. However I am offended enough to write to The Omen about it, I'm offended enough to post angst-ridden Facebook statuses about it, and overall it makes me feel ashamed to declare a concentration in a department that evidently thinks that these types of serious health concerns are a joke. I have had numerous problems explaining this condition to faculty in this department, and even more problems trying to explain to both faculty and students that using words like 'bipolar' and 'schizophrenic' as a synonym for 'a machine that is broken or otherwise nonfunctional' is kind of an all-around dick move, especially considering the reason your program isn't running correctly is because you made a mistake when you wrote it. Really I'm just wondering why this is happening, and more importantly, why is this acceptable?

Does this happen in the other schools and departments also? And on a more basic level, how do you even go about comparing a list of strings and numbers with a set of emotions and thought processes that you have likely never experienced and clearly do not understand? What part of that seems like a logical idea?

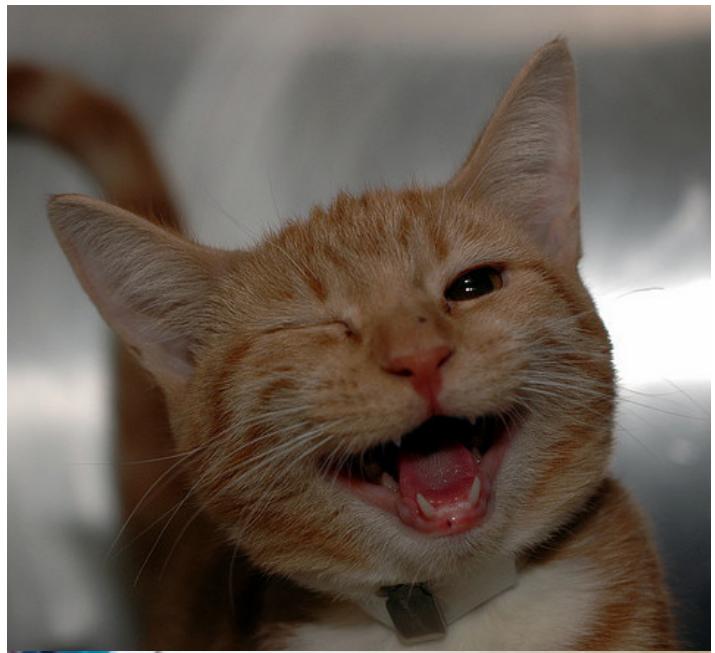
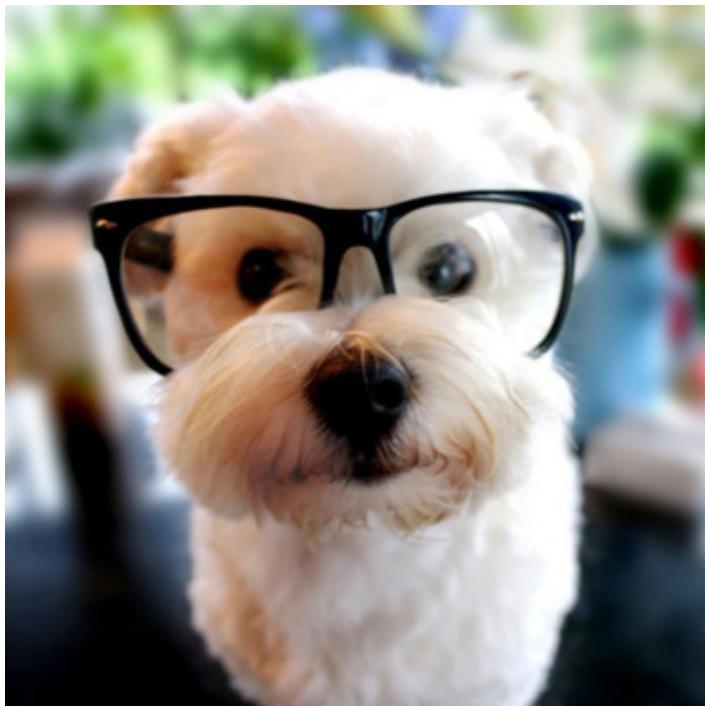
From a personal standpoint, computer science-related concepts do not come easily to me at all as I have a very limited understanding of logic and mathematics. I decided to become a computer science concentrator even after I realized that many of the key principles of computer science were things that would undoubtedly take me three to four times the time and effort of my peers. Ultimately I'm still glad I'm in this field but it has been very difficult. While most of my computer science-related insecurities at Hampshire probably stem from my own personal identity crises, I'd be willing to say that a good portion of them are a direct result of the community's tendency to address people (I mean, "programs and lines of code") with disorders in which psychotic episodes are a prominent symptom, as 'entirely nonfunctional'. This is part of a larger problem dealing with the fact that many computer science concentrators (and the gaming community, and the 'nerd' community) share a general disdain for the communities that involve the arts, or are centered on social justice. This is highly problematic and creates exclusive groups that tend to alienate people on the fringe of any of these communities. I don't want more word policing because it leaves everyone angry and upset, but I do want to open a discussion with the community (really, ALL of these communities) about these particular words, why they're used so frequently in this context, and why this is absolutely not okay.

Delight Notice:



The following submission
may cause you delight.

Rachel Ithen



Dear Omen,

I picked up a copy of your fine publication, and discovered there were to be two workshops on money and social responsibility.

I am appalled. I know you allow people to submit anything, but this information was blatantly false. I went to the location in Amherst, on both the 1st and the 8th of December last year.

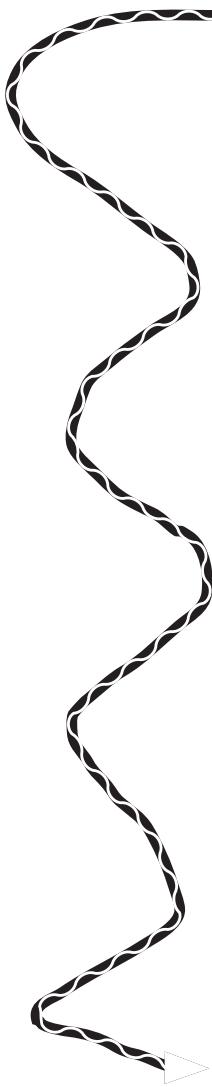
Neither of the workshops happened. I spent hours waiting in the cold, and longer riding the busses trying to find these godforsaken workshops. How am I to learn about social responsibility and community investing without you?

I can't believe you've been publishing falsehoods since the 1994 publishing date of this issue. Maybe now that your atrocious underbelly has been exposed, you can turn back to the right path.

With hope for the future,
B Corfman

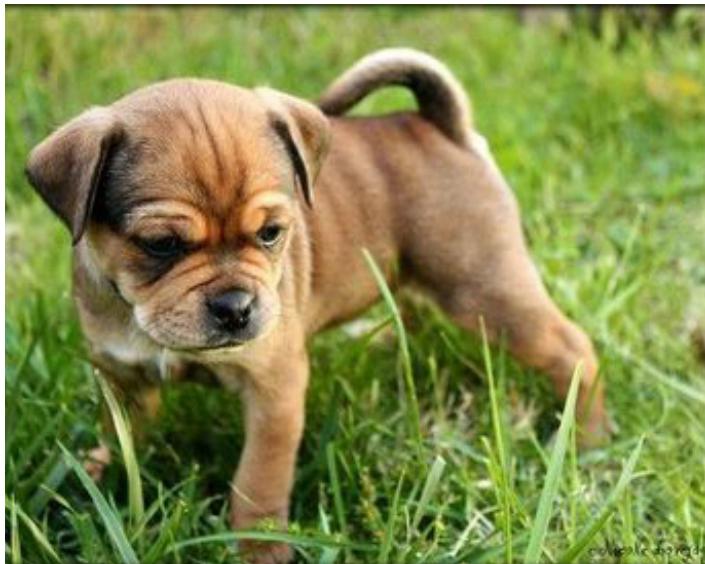
Delight Notice:

The following submission
may cause you delight.



Rachel Ithen

Delight Notice:
The following submission
may cause you delight.



B Corfman



I feel like I haven't expressed my thoughts enough in this issue of the Omen! My name isn't all the fuck over it! So here's a bulleted list of bugged-influenced thoughts from the past two weeks.

]What you can and cannot safely put up your butt is not that complicated, please stop harassing me about it just because I sign for Alt.Sex.

]My identity is my identity. I should not have to do research on social justice just to express what my gender identity is currently not. Maybe to say what my identity is, but not to say what it's not.

<tw sexual assault>

]The problem is not not being sensitive enough to those accused of sexual assaults in case it's a false report. The problem, as we saw at Amherst not too long ago, is not listening enough to survivors who report their sexual assaults.

</trigger warning>

]It's really annoying how hegemonic binary gender is, even within the radical queer community.

]Gossip is productive in many spaces, but not in safe spaces.

That's all I can think of for now. <3

-Jesse Ide

SECTION: LIES

"the omen is a remake of the great gatsby is a young man seunghui"
~Jesse Ide

CLAN OF THE STARPEOPLE: PART ONE
By Bertha P. Screechbird

Many cultures have shapeshifters. The primal desires of animals are within all of us. But sometimes, when the stars are aligned correctly, they are more than that. They are reality.

In a small, ocean-side party town where the sand is hot and the people are hotter, beachgoers grind to the beat of the hottest dubstep, worshipping the beach with their bodies like a hymn praising God. Some of these people lead double lives—one life as sexy human party fiends, and the other life as a marine animal so beautiful that they resemble the celestial bodies themselves. You may think this would be a mermaid or a dolphin or another graceful creature—but no, it is nature's most perfect of creations: the starfish.

Nobody knows why these shapeshifters exist, but it probably has something to do with global warming, which is an issue we should all be heavily concerned about. Or are they angels, fallen from the heavens like a gift to mankind? Yes. Or do they come from hell to tempt us into the watery depths with their beauty? Yes. Or did some NASA scientist have a sick fetish? Yes. Or did aliens plant them on earth to tell us how to be attractive? Yes. Or are they evidence of intelligent design? That, too.

One such shapeshifter, spawned from Neptune's loins, was a particularly attractive one. He was the most bro-ey bro ever. He had enough hair gel to use it to write numbers on mirrors.

His girlfriend's name was Linda Wimba. And, unfortunately, she was not a starfish. Alas, she had not been blessed with shapeshifting powers. She could not understand Fabio's struggles with his starfish identity.

Part of the reason Fabio was initially attracted to her was her excellent physique, but mostly it was her name—which was so melodious, that you would think it was a mermaid's song.

However, their love could not last, because of the barrier between them.

One night, after a long day of hardcore partying, Fabio and Linda Wimba went to the seaside to discuss their complex relationship.

"I have something to tell you, Linda Wimba," Fabio said muscularly.

"You are bisexual," said Linda Wimba.

"Yes, but there is something else," Fabio replied.

"You are also a starfish," Linda Wimba said.

Fabio looked into Linda Wimba's liquid, shining eyes, as liquid and shiny as the ocean. "How did you know?" Fabio exclaimed woefully.

Linda Wimba tossed her ebony hair. "It was in my horoscope," she responded.

Fabio's abs rippled in anger. "You're a whore-o-scope," he said. "Also you can't DJ for shit."

"I just can't handle your double lifestyle,"

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said Linda. "And I don't mean being bisexual."

Just then, the moon emerged from behind a curtain of wispy cloud, baring its full moon face.

Fabio looked up in horror. "Oh shit," he said, and he turned into a starfish.

Linda Wimba picked up Fabio by one of his stubby starfish appendages, and tossed him like a Frisbee into the dark ocean depths.

Fabio sank into the waves and whispered, "I guess this is goodbye."

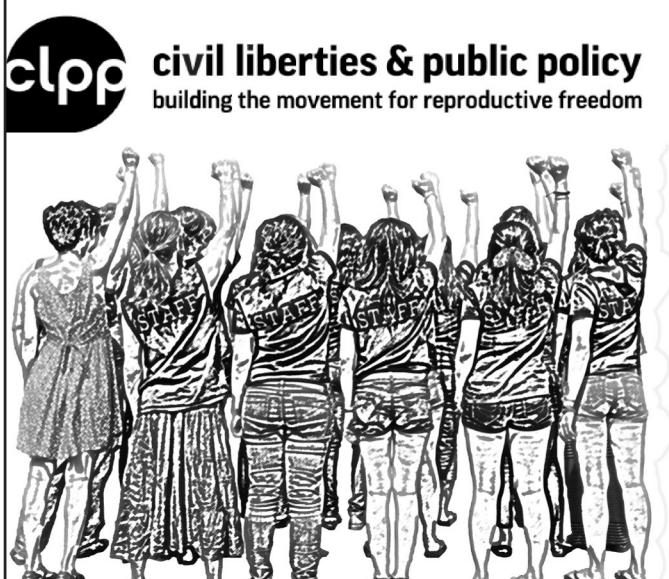
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.....

Submitted by Cara Iacaponi & Brigid Gory-Hines

How The Poor Die

Creatures unravel their wings,
Smoke stacks rise from ominous pillars.
We're such petty things,
Caramel coated compulsive liars.
The noblest die in the streets,
Deceivers fly away to nest from their
vampiric pursuits.
Children of Medusa enjoy processed sweets,
Benefited from their parent's loots.
How sad it has become,
When death is our final companion.
Where is this poverty from?
Anywhere else than a devilish dominion?
This is why the poor cry.
This is how the poor die.

Ian Sloan



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